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## Untitled

Bruce MacMartin  
*College of DuPage*

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## The Echoes of Pisa

The marble baptistery  
plays with sound  
and suspends it—  
sends it back  
to marvel at  
experience  
relate to.

The crowd's clatter  
a child's staccato tones  
dampen in astonishment.

In the quiet  
a voice seeks its echo.  
Others follow  
with colors of sound.  
Cascading tones  
answer in repetition.

But my own voice  
I know not—  
four intoned notes—  
a surprising, interminable echo  
reveals  
a mood  
a timbre  
a pattern.  
Sound from sensation  
a personal revelation  
a glimpse of myself.

By: Jeanne Pachaly



Artwork By: Bruce MacMartin

## Middle Aged Woman

Her face is a road map of lines,  
Around her eyes creases caused by hours  
of uncontrolled laughter,  
Though she laughs no more.

Eyes well with tears,  
Tears shed for the great sadness of growing old,  
Being so lonely,  
Of being so alone.

Sweet full lips, once kissed in passion,  
Firmly closed over clenched teeth  
Forbidding the words of resentment to escape.  
Her heart weighs heavy with self pity,  
Only herself to blame.

By: C.J. Hyde